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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Joy Cometh with the Morning

The longest, darkest night must wane;
Joy doth the sunshine bring!
The deepest loss in ayt yield some gain
For future blossoming.

No hope so quenched in sullen fears
But buds can newly blow;
No sin so black but contrite tears
Can wash it white as snow.

No life so wrecked but some strong spars
Remain to build anew;
Behind dark clouds flash golden stars,
And soon their light gleams through.

The smallest talent soonest turns,
Increasing as 'tis given.
No friend so false but truer ones
By his defect are shewn.

O doubting mourner! Nature's truth
Exhales upon God's air;
All, and in All is heavenly truth;
And heaven is everywhere!

MARY AYER'S RIDE.

When the train stopped at Ridgeway, one afternoon in August, there was only one passenger for that place, a tall, self-reliant young woman of twenty-two.

After the train had left the station, she began to look about her; the outlook was not promising in point of habitation. A section house, a tool house and the platform on which she stood comprised all that was visible to the eye of the traveler, of Ridgeway, a small station on one of the western railroads.

Near the station house two boys of fifteen or sixteen years stood watching her. They had ridden eight miles that morning from the mining camp to get the first sight of new teacher and judge her ability in dealing with boys who put snakes in her desk or strung invisible wires across the doorway.

Farther down the track three men were also watching her; she approached the boys; they began to laugh and ran away. Going to the men, she introduced herself and inquired if any person had come from the mining camp to meet her. They had not seen any person of that description.

"So you be the new teacher they're expectin'." We heard they were going to have new one. Did they write you anything about their school?"

"No."
"Well, from the way they have of gettin' rid of a teacher as soon as the newness wears off, I thought they would be sendin' for a John L."

Mary started toward the section house, when the man who had been talking called her back. "There's a train goin' back in a few hours, miss, and you better take it. Unless you're born and bred up here, you can't stand it. The only reason they send their children to school is because the government makes them. Its no place for flowers of any kind, let alone hot house flowers."

A new light shone in Mary's eyes for a moment, as she said: "I have a mother depending upon me for support, I came up here to stay through the school term, and here I am going to stay."

"I didn't mean any offense, Miss; we were just giving you a little advice. Well here comes the pay ear," pointing to a perpendicular line to blue smoke, "and if we want of draw our pay for this month we better be movin' on."

A hand-car came up in the opposite direction and met the train. There were five upon it, the boss and four section hands. It took but a few minutes to pay the men, and again the train was speeding on its way.

"I don't believe they expect you until to-morrow, Miss Ayers," the section boss said in answering the same question she had asked the three men. "My wife is sick in bed and has been for two weeks, and we are without help. Perhaps you had better come in and wait until some one comes after you. It isn't a very agreeable looking place, but you will find it better than standing in the hot sun."

The section boss opened the door leading into the kitchen. Everything was in confusion, dishes piled high were waiting to be washed, soiled clothes were piled in corners, and the stove looked pitiable under the weight of pots and pans of every size and make. In a small bedroom, where the hot afternoon sun poured in through an uncurtained window, the woman of the house lay ill.

Had Mary been discouraged, the

sight of the rooms would have dismayed her. The typical American girl, however, is the girl of the hour. When the section hands came home at six o'clock to their supper, the dishes were washed and supper ready to serve, the floors cleaned and the woman bathed and resting in a darkened room.

The night was very warm, and it was almost midnight before Mary climbed the steep stairs to the little room she would call her own for the night. It was useless trying to sleep. Opening the only window in the room, she sat down on the floor by it and turned the events of the day over in her mind.

The clock in the kitchen struck twelve, then half past; soon after a train went by. After it had passed the place seemed quieter and more sultry than ever. The moon was rising far over in the east. She watched it as it rolled in space. A faint twilight was stealing over the earth, and hearing a slight noise like the tread of some animal, she leaned out of the window and saw three men coming toward the house.

The men stopped at the tool house, and began prying the door open. When they had accomplished this, they took the hand-car out, and setting it upon the track, walked toward the house and stood beneath the window. One of them pointed to the open window, another went toward the tool house, where a ladder stood.

It suddenly dawned upon Mary that the three men were robbers going to enter the house. She ran to the door and found it locked on the outside. Fearing she might open the door in the night and fall down the steep, dark stairway, the section boss had locked it on the outside.

All of Mary's clothes, with the exception of those she had upon her, were in her trunk downstairs. Quietly picking her shoes up so that they would not suspect the room was occupied, she crept under the bed.

Already a man was ascending the ladder, and soon the three were in the room. When they found the door locked, they began to swear in harsh undertones. Seating themselves upon the bed, the carried on a conversation that caused Mary to smile in spite of her fear.

"That teacher must have gone out to the Ridgo, or she'd a-slept in this room. Peterson and the woman sleep downstairs, and the hands in this here next room. We'll give em a good smell out of this bottle, and then relieve em of their dough. Speaking of dough, I'm hungry as a bear. Wonder if they have any grub cooked?"

"I'm glad we didn't have to deal with that schoolma'am," spoke up another. "I don't think she will sleep very well tonight after the welcome Tim gave her, and like as not she 'ud show fight."

After some debate, the men descended the ladder. In a short time she heard muffled footsteps on the stairs; about five minutes after some person went down less quiet, and she knew it was useless then to call for help. Chloroform was doing its work, and for many hours, perhaps, the inmates of the section house would be as dead.

Gathering courage, Mary crept from under the bed and listened. Leaning out of the window. It took but a few moments to descend the ladder the robber had left standing. Keeping well in the shadow, she saw her advisers of the previous day washing down the food she had prepared for the section men's lunch, with liberal draughts from a couple of flasks which graced the center of the table. Mary looked about her; not a house could be seen. She stole over to the tool house. On the track stood the hand-car. Oh, if she were only a mail! She pushed it; the car moved.

Ten miles away at the foot of a long grade nestled Thomas, the county seat. Perhaps she could reach it in time for help. She looked up; the stars seemed to be encouraging her. Looking ahead she shuddered, the way was so long and lonely.

Pushing the car ahead of her, she walked several yards, then stepped upon it and began to pump. It was so heavy at first she

almost gave up in despair. Soon it began to gain momentum; faster and faster it went down the slope. Counting the "truck," "truck," of the wheels as they passed from one rail to another, she knew she was gaining speed at a rapid rate. Every part of her was alert. She listened for the sound of a train which might rush down upon her from behind, and strained her eyes for a glimpse of a light ahead. Her arms were going up and down so rapidly she felt sure they would soon lose their power and she would drop.

The question with her now was not, Could she reach Thomas? but, could she stop when she reached the place? The light in the operator's window could be seen quite plainly. Somewhere on the car she knew there was a brake. Where was it? She felt around as much as she could with her feet but could not find it. Clinging to the bars, she crept to the opposite side facing the rear. Instantly the car began to slacken its speed. One foot accidentally rested on the brake.

The night operator was nodding in his chair when the door opened and Mary, bareheaded and shoeless, rushed into the room. "Go for the sheriff, quick! Tell him to get two or three men to help him and go to Ridgeway. There is a hand-car at the door; they can use that. Please, don't ask any questions now."

Although weak and trembling with hard work and excitement, Mary insisted on going back to the section house.

The robbers felt secure. They had placed the hand-car upon the track in order to leave at a moment's warning. Drink, however, was their undoing, when the sheriff with his three deputies placed the handcuffs upon them, they scarcely knew what was happening, they were so sound asleep.

The leader, Tim Hayes, was the first to discover his captivity. Looking at Mary, he said:

"Where did you come from?"
"With the exception of an hour or two I have been in the house since yesterday afternoon."

"Which part of the house were you in?"
"The fact is, I didn't sleep very well last night, and when you came into the house, I was under the bed. I was ashamed of my cowardice, and when I knew you were comfortable, I took the hand-car and went to Thomas after the sheriff. I couldn't have done it if you had not left the hand-car where you did."

The other two coming to their senses were listing.

The three men looked at each other, then at Mary; the leader held out his hand. "If you would just let me, Miss, I'd like to shake hands with you. My name is Hayes. If I drop my mustache, I think the sheriff here will tell you I am correct."

Mary allowed the robber to shake her hand, although she had very little sympathy for him. "There's a thousand dollars' reward at the governor's, put there by different people who want to see us go over the road, waitin' fur some one to claim it. Every sheriff in the state has been after it for more than a year. If we have to be taken, which we 'lowed would happen sooner or later, we're glad you're the one to get the money." It took some time to get the section crew awake, and the woman was only saved by heroic measures.

When school opened Monday morning, the room was full of pupils. Director Brown, a man of powerful physique, addressed the school: "I've never interfered in the running of this school. Every term we have a new teacher. Sometimes they leave before the term is out. Miss Ayers is going to stay. Furthermore, I am ready to back that assertion up with a rawhide if it's necessary. Now, all of you who are goin' to stand by Miss Ayers, rise. All stand up."

The entire school stood up—Conkey's Home Journal.

Good and bad fortune are necessary to a man, in order to make him adroit and capable.

A man often expresses the same idea by wagging his head, as a dog does by wagging his tail.

Paper Money.

The Paper Money of the United States is in the form of promissory notes of two kinds, namely: Convertible or Coin Notes, and Inconvertible Notes. The former consists of Gold and Silver Certificates, and Treasury Notes.

A Gold Certificate is a note or bill containing a declaration to the effect that there has been deposited in the United States Treasury a sufficient amount of gold coin to redeem the certificate on demand of the holder. A Silver Certificate is a note or bill containing the same declaration with reference to silver coin. Treasury Notes are mere promises to pay in coin without specifying gold or silver. Inconvertible Notes are those which bear simply a promise to pay without reference to time or manner in which they shall be paid.

National Bank Notes are a form of inconvertible paper. These notes do not bear the promise of the government to pay, but that of the Bank by which they are issued; they are secured by government bonds deposited with the United States Treasurer, and are payable on demand, in some form of legal tender money, but not necessarily coin.

Thus it will be seen that the people of the United States are at present using four kinds of dollars—the gold dollar, the silver dollar, the paper dollars which may be exchanged for coin. They circulate at par; that is, the purchasing power of one is equal to the purchasing power of any of the others.

Coin is universally acknowledged to possess greater intrinsic worth than any other kind of money; so it would naturally seem that its purchasing power would be greater; but it must be remembered that the purchasing power of a paper dollar is not based upon its own intrinsic value, but upon the coin for which it is exchangeable.

The purchasing power of an inconvertible paper dollar, however, is based upon nothing but confidence in the government. Such a note has no value in itself, nor is there any provision whatever made for its redemption in coin, yet such is the confidence in the government's promise to redeem them at some time and in some manner not specified, that they are exchanged at par with the other kinds of paper money. Indeed, confidence is an element that enters largely into the value of all money. We do not know that a good coin contains all that is claimed for it in the way of purity or weight, but we have confidence in the government's stamp upon it, and we receive it without question; nor do we know for a certainty that there are sufficient silver coins in the government treasury to make good all silver certificates, but such is our confidence in the statements and promise of the government that we freely receive such certificates in return for our goods and our labor.

Thus we see how several kinds of money with unequal values can be made to circulate with equal purchasing power; yet this equality in purchasing power may be destroyed. A notable example of depreciation of paper money happened during the civil war. At the beginning of the war, the government borrowed large sums of money by the issue of bonds; the war continued and the money was soon exhausted. Unable to procure any more funds in this way, Congress voted to issue inconvertible notes called "Greenbacks"; they were simply promises to pay at some time or other, nobody knew when nor how. They were made legal tender, and everybody was obliged to accept them in payment of debts. As confidence in the government sank, the purchasing power of the "Greenbacks" became less. At one time, the price of gold went to 280; that is, it took two dollars and eighty cents in "Greenback" money to equal in purchasing power, one dollar in gold.—Normal Instructor.

A grain of gold will spread over a great surface, but not as much as a grain of wisdom.

He put himself in the condition of Bill Poller's celebrated plow; it turned up more than it could turn over.

Long Distance Sign Talk.

Talking by smoke was one of the means of communication upon the American plains in the early days of travel. This kind of talk soon became intelligible to the traveler, so that he understood the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and answered in kind from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed necessary.

The Indians had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing that such a column would at once be noticed and understood to be a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary camp fire.

The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the fire was instantly covered up again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of perhaps twenty or thirty miles: "Look out, there is an enemy near."

A writer in the Chicago Tribune explains that three smokes built close together meant danger. One smoke simply said "Attention" Two meant, "Camp at this place."

To one who has traveled upon the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision.

If he was an old-timer he might interpret the signals, and know that one fire-arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark—meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, namely, "An enemy is near." Two fire-arrows meant, "Danger." Three arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack now." Thus the untutored savage could telephone as well at night as by day.

Snails as Window Cleaners.

"An old colored woman selling snails," says the Philadelphia Record, "occasionally makes her appearance in South street, and sometimes she may also be found along Front street or Second street, up in the district that used to be known as the Northern Liberties. She carries an old basket in which the snails repose on freshly sprinkled leaves. These are not sold as food, but for cleaning the outside of window panes—an old practice still in vogue in Kensington. The snail is dampened and placed upon the glass, where it at once moves around and devours all insects and foreign matter, leaving the pane as bright and clear as crystal. There are old established business places in Kensington where the upper windows, when cleaned at all, are always cleaned by snails. There is also a fine market for snails among the owners of aquariums, as they keep the glass clean and bright."

A Lawyer's Wits

The New York Commercial Advertiser says the not long before his death, Henry W. Paine, one of the most brilliant American lawyers of his generation, became interested, as a matter of charity, in a case in which a lad of some fifteen years charged with arson. Paine defended the boy and offered conclusive evidence that he was, to all practical purpose, an idiot and totally irresponsible. Nevertheless, the jury after listening to a charge from the court, which was virtually an order for acquittal, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The presiding judge then addressed Paine.

"You will move for a new trial, I presume, Mr. Paine?"

Paine rose with an air that was painful in its solemnity.

"I thank your honor for your suggestion," he said, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts

as to whether I have the right to move for a new trial in this case. Your honor, I have already asked for and have received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our English and American common law—a trial by a jury of his peers." The judge ordered the verdict to be set aside.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Our school opened on October 1st with a good attendance, which it is thought will reach 300 before long, as the laggards are still coming. Iowa is an agricultural State, and a number of the older pupils who live on farms, are kept at home for a while to assist in the fall work. While this is a practice always condemned by the management, it is difficult to put a stop to it.

There are some changes among the corps of officers and teachers.

Mr. J. Schuyler Long takes the place vacated by Mr. Stewart, now Superintendent of the Nebraska School, as teacher of language and literature in the Academic department. The deaf of Council Bluffs and Omaha are delighted with the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Long to the silent community.

Mr. J. L. Johnson, of Philadelphia, takes the place of Mr. John Mather, as instructor in the Sloyd department.

Mr. R. D. Hoyt, after two years' absence as a soldier in the Philippines, was again re-appointed.

Mr. J. C. Geddes, of Philadelphia, and Miss — are new teachers appointed to the oral department.

Principal E. E. Clippinger was called to Monmouth, Ill., by the death of his father, a few days after school opened.

Mr. C. S. Zorbaugh and wife, who left here late in August, are having a fine time. They attended the conventions of both the Iowa and Ohio Associations of the Deaf. They both received their education in the Ohio School. They are at present visiting Mr. Zorbaugh's numerous relatives in Ohio. It must be very pleasant to Mr. Zorbaugh to take such a trip after thirty-seven years of consecutive service as teacher in the Iowa School.

Wisconsin boys who come to Omaha for employment, seem to all become enamored of the Nebraska girls. Two weddings of former Wisconsinians recently took place. They were those of Mr. Ed. Roda to Miss Katie Bauman, of Omaha; and Mr. Francis McGuire to Miss Star Marshall, of Lincoln, Neb.

The Eye and Hand Club, of Omaha, which discontinued its meetings during the summer, has been re-organized. It deserves more encouragement than it has been getting. Mr. J. Schuyler Long is soon to deliver a lecture before the club.

Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, Minn., is expected here about the first of December.

Some of the Omaha and Council Bluffs silent people are contemplating the organization of a card club. We believe this would prove more popular than the literary club we had some years ago.

A delightful party was given in the Institution parlors Friday evening, October 25th, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Long and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. The evening amusement was furnished by progressive high five and guessing games, after which dainty refreshments were served. We will give one of the games, which will perhaps be new to JOURNAL readers. A list of questions was printed the answers to which were titles of popular songs.

We give the list of questions and answers below:

QUESTIONS.

1. What was the name of the lover.
2. Who was his sweetheart?
3. In what country were they born?
4. On what river was her home?
5. What was his native State?
6. Where did the young man meet his sweetheart?
7. What part of the day was it?
8. What flower did he offer her?
9. What did he say to her?
10. When did he propose to her?
11. On what day and at what time were they married?
12. Her maid of honor was from Scotland, what was her name?
13. The best man was an army officer; who was he?
14. A little sister of the bride was flower girl. What was her name?
15. In what church was the marriage solemnized?
16. In what did they take their wedding trip?
17. What did the groom's parent's say of the bride?
18. What motto greeted them on entering their new home?

ANSWERS.

1. Ben Bolt.
2. Annie Rooney.
3. America.
4. Swazance.
5. Maryland.
6. Coming thro' the Rye.
7. Just as the sun went down.
8. Only a pansy blossom.
9. O! Promise me.
10. After the ball.
11. St. Patrick's Day in the morning.
12. Annie Laurie.
13. Captain Jinks.
14. Sweet Marie.
15. Little brown church in the Vale.
16. Bicycle built for two.
17. She's a daisy.
18. Home sweet Home.

OCCASIONAL.

EASY "SURE THINGS."

There are many things which at first thought appear to be easy enough of accomplishment that it is pretty safe to bet a man he cannot do. Most people know that the human hands are not strong enough to break a new laid egg if the hands are clasped and the egg laid endwise between the palms. It is said that the pressure required to break an egg in this manner amounts to tons.

Among other safe bet is a wager that a man cannot rise from a chair without bending forward or putting his feet under the chair or outside of it.

Many a man will back himself to give another a start of 50 yards in a dash of 100, provided the man having the start hops all the way. But no runner, however swift, can give that amount of start to an ordinary man. For the first five yards they go at practically the same pace. Therefore the runner, to go 95 yards while the "hopper" goes 45, would have to run more than twice as fast, and it would be a weak man who could not hop 45 yards at a pace equal to 20 seconds for 100 yards, and that would mean that the runner in order to win would have to beat all previous records.

If a man boasts that his penknife is particularly sharp, ask him to cut with one stroke of the blade one of those yellow ribbons, mostly of silk, which come around bundles of cigars. In 999 cases out of 1,000 the knife is not sharp enough to do this. It will cut through all the ribbon but the last strand, and that will pull out long, and the more he tries to cut it the longer it will pull out.

It is safe to bet any one except a blind man that he cannot stand without support of any kind for five minutes at a stretch, if he is thoroughly blindfolded, without moving his feet. If he does not move his feet he is pretty sure to topple over in about a minute.

AFFECTING HIS HONOR.

The proprietor of a large dry-goods store had decided to tear down the old building and erect a new one in its stead. In furtherance of this plan he was removing his goods to temporary quarters in another building.

The goods were nearly all out of the old structure, when, from some unknown cause, it caught fire. The department was promptly on hand and soon had a stream playing on the flames, but the merchant was wild with excitement. Running up to the chief, he urged him to greater haste.

"Never mind the goods!" he shouted. "Save the building! I'll give the boys a check for five hundred dollars for their pension fund if they don't let the fire spread beyond that floor!"

"Why, you're going to tear the old building down, anyway, aren't you?" asked the chief.

"Yes," he said, "but do you suppose I want the insurance companies or anybody on earth to think that's the reason why it caught fire?"

By great exertion the fire was extinguished with little loss, so far as the building was concerned, and the merchant was as good as his word.

A drunken man who had slipped down, thought it very singular that water always freezes with the slippery side up.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

E. A. HOBGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.)

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To him the hand of the Lord
Neath the all beholding sun
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are ones more,
Who, lose of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

ACCORDING to the newspapers, Andrew Carnegie is to give thirty-three millions of dollars, for buildings and endowment of "an institution for the training and education of apprentices and students in all trades." The deaf who now enjoy, but rarely fully appreciate, the advantages afforded them at the institutions which they attend, should have the significance of this enormous gift brought home to them. They are too prone to regard the trades' school as a scheme devised by the authorities to profit by their industry, and fail to see in it a bona fide asset that will yield them a large rate of interest throughout their lives when school days are but a pleasant memory. In after years, when the stern realities of life make clear to them what they lost by neglect and thoughtlessness in their boyhood's days, the damage has been done beyond repair, and all that is left to them is a harvest of barren regrets.

In a book of over two hundred octavo pages, Francis Devereux Clarke, Principal of the Michigan Institution, presents a course of five years under "Methods Used in the Michigan School for the Deaf." Throughout the entire curriculum the study of language and of numbers is given a great deal of attention, and the expedients for teaching the former, both by the use of pictures and of symbols, are so clear and appropriate, that one can not conceive of a teacher falling short of success. As to number work, Prof. Clarke has long enjoyed a reputation for being one of the best teachers of arithmetic that ever chalked an integer on a blackboard. In his book, the illustrations of Prof. Clarke's methods—by objects, figures, and language—are entirely devoid of that aggravating complexity which is so often distinguishes the explanations of the teacher and proves a puzzle to the pupil. Manners and Morals, Geography, etc., are given attention in different chapters of the book. Principal Clarke concludes the book as follows: "I do not wish it to be understood as having told every thing that must be taught by the primary teacher of deaf children. Nothing can take the place of intelligence and tact in a teacher."

The book was printed by pupils of the Michigan Institution, and is compactly bound in cloth.

The dedication is a tribute to a deaf lady, most gracefully expressed: "To my sister-in-law, a steadfast friend of thirty years, Mrs. Isabella Ransom Carroll, a peerless teacher of deaf children, to whose example, comment and criticism I owe very much; this book is lovingly dedicated. Without her kind encouragement it would never have been written."

It is regrettable that the public of Los Angeles, Cal., should be wearied with such unseemly hostility as now exists between two factions, banded together ostensibly for charitable and Christian purposes. Such intellectual men as Messrs. Widd and Reaves ought to find a more commendable place than

the public prints to air their grievances, and both of them should be able to instill into their followers a little of common sense decency. The Los Angeles papers contain samples of personalities and mud throwing that would scarcely be countenanced by the toughest ward heeler in a tough political district. The JOURNAL declines to reproduce such abuse, and counsels the principals to get together and effect an amicable adjustment.

If you do not see your news correspondence in this issue of the JOURNAL, please remember that Election Day was a holiday, and necessitated a "rush."

THE DEAF PRINTER.

From the Kentucky Standard.

The machine has invaded every field of industry with the uniform result of lowering the wage of the worker by hand. Some trades have been rendered obsolete by the invention of machinery, and some of those taught in the industrial departments of the schools for the deaf have been so much affected as to render it a matter of debate as to whether it would not be best to discontinue instruction in them.

The invention of the linotype was at one time supposed to have spoiled the chances of the hand compositor to obtain remunerative employment, and it has undoubtedly revolutionized the printing business in the cities and had a tendency to lower the wages of straight compositors everywhere, but it is beginning to be seen that there is still a wide field for the well trained worker by hand. It is customary at the meetings of the State associations of the deaf to take down the occupation of the members enrolled and almost invariably it is found that among those following the trades taught at school the per cent is greatest among those taught printing.

Here in Kentucky this is certainly true, and we may add that the trade has an element of steadiness about it lacking in many of the others. During the period of business depression from 1893 to 1896, when so many industrial establishments of every kind were closed or run only half time and with big cuts in the wages of the operatives, the printers suffered less than any other class of our graduates. Not one, so far as we know, lost his position during all that time when men were discharged right and left. The Mt. Airy World, in commenting on the showing made by the printers at the Ohio reunion says:

"It will be seen from this that the graduates of the printing office more readily obtain employment at their trade than do those of any other of the industrial departments. A wide acquaintance among the deaf leads us to believe that in every state whose school has a well equipped printing office, an industrial census of the class would tell the same story. In view of this, and because of the educational value of the trade, it is worth considering whether it would not be well to place more pupils under instruction in 'the art preservative' and to provide the facilities that would prepare them to acquire themselves to the best advantage in an occupation for which they appear naturally fitted."

FLY CAN'T BE DROWNED.

Whatever other fate might befall it, naturalists agree that the common house fly cannot be drowned, and many experiments have been made in relation thereto.

Included in such tests was the immersion of a fly in a tumbler of clear, cold water, with a piece of card board to fit the glass and floated so as to keep the insect beneath the surface.

So little did the fly trouble about such an obstacle that he kept near the bottom of the glass and there for a quarter of an hour ran about as freely as in the fresh air, while at times it crawled across the under side of the pasteboard as on the ceiling of a room.

After being immersed for twenty minutes the fly's movements were less active, and at twenty-five minutes it turned over on its side, apparently dead. It hung suspended in the water, just under the paste board, which kept it from rising to the surface, and there it remained for another twenty-five minutes.

It was then taken out and placed on a sheet of paper, looking to all appearances, dead. Its next fate was to be buried by being covered with about a teaspoonful of fine salt.

At the end of fifteen minutes the saline was shaken off, the fly having thus been completely covered either by water or by salt for sixty-five minutes.

Immediately upon its release the insect trimmed its wings and legs actively for a while, and then flew away.—Sel.

Because the cur has bitten me, must I bite the cur?

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Foot Ball History in a Nut Shell.

A LITERARY FEAST.

A Week's Doings at Kendall Green.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The United States Marines from the Washington Barracks defeated the Reserves by a score of 6 to 0, Tuesday Saturday morning the Varsity eleven tied with St. John's College, at Annapolis, 6 to 6. In the afternoon of the same day the District Y. M. C. A., defeated the Reserves 17 to 5, at Van Ness Park, and there you have our football history of the week in a nutshell.

The game between the Marines and Reserves was clean and exciting. The Marines had weight on their side, and used it to good advantage. Coombs, fullback for the Marines did most of the work. He was formerly connected with the University of Pennsylvania eleven. He made the only touch down of the game. Neither side was able to score in the second half.

The chief features of the game with St. John's eleven at Annapolis Saturday morning were a run of 25 yards by Escherich in the first half and one of 50 yards and a touch down by Andree, in the second half. St. John's were only able to make short gains, and scored a touch down in the first half. A large number of rooters accompanied the team. On the train returning from Annapolis, Manager Northern arranged with the manager of the Dickinson College team for a game on November 16th.

The Y. M. C. A. game with the Reserves in the afternoon was a disappointment to the few who attended. Y. M. C. A. scored 17 in the first half, and the Reserves 5. In the second half neither side was able to score.

Gallaudet plays Georgetown University eleven, Saturday, November 9th. This will probably be the greatest game of the season. Georgetown tied with St. John's, but our boys feel confident of doing better, as they were not in first class condition at the game in Annapolis.

A very interesting programme was read before the Literary Association Friday evening.

Mr. Schneider, '02, started the ball with an essay on "Attila the Hun." The debate was on the question, "Resolved, That the Freedom of the Press should be restricted." Messrs. Drake, '04, and Forse, I. C., argued for the affirmative side. Messrs. Roberts, '04, and Lindstrom, I. C., upheld the negative side. The judges, Messrs. Rosson, '02, Gelfuss, '02, and Spence, '03, decided in favor of the negative side. A dialogue, "Principles Declared," was given by Messrs. Miller, '03, and Keiser, '03. Mr. Marshall, '04, declaimed "Yankee Doodle," and did it in a way that called forth well-deserved applause. Critic Painter, '02, made his report, and President Northern, '02, adjourned the meeting.

Gymnasium Instructor Adams, M.A., organized the gymnasium classes, Friday afternoon. This has brought about the general overhauling of gymnasium suits long packed away in camphor. We have discovered enough places requiring darning, and as the co-eds are always unwilling, we poor men have been stabbing our thumbs with three-inch needles and uttering shocking adjectives.

Nothing extraordinary has occurred among the feathered tribes to fix our attention on them. During the debate, Friday evening, Forse was occupied most of the time in brushing back his silky curls from his marble brow. He will shortly wear his hair pompadour style. Some of his brothers were once possessed of the insane idea that they owned the college, and have since learned differently. Now the burden of their song is:—

I wish my teachers could see me now atrain-
ing on humble pie,
And getting rid of some notions of being
slightly high;
Just sipping the cup of Knowledge that
isn't the sweetest brew—

The size of my hat was ten and a half,
I was a Ducky got tight and a half,
His classmates got six and a half,
Ow! Four and a half will do!

Leitch, '04, through his "private secretary" and room-mate, Wys, '04, has offered a reward for the return of his shillelah, which mysteriously disappeared from his room. This shillelah was brought over from the "old country," and is among the most prized possessions. Wys is authority for the statement that Leitch gets up in the night, and with a broom or anything handy, brushes away the sparrows on the ivy vine near his window. Really the S. P. C. A. ought to take a hand here.

Golf enthusiasts are increasing here. Cameron, '04, has started out with a "putter" and a dozen balls (he has lost three already.) Carpenter, '02, continues to dig up the turf. Hewetson, '03, is coaching them. When the football season is over we expect to have a regular organized golf club.

Not much news from the co-eds this week. They celebrated Halloween over again Thursday evening. Mr. Fowler donated a basket of apples for the occasion. Miss De Long, '02, "ran things." To get an apple it was necessary for the young ladies to look otherwise than sweet. We wish Mr. Flick, '03, the official photographer, could have been present with his camera to take those "faces" the girls made. The pictures would shock some gentlemen who seem to be very fond of them.

A bas-relief of the late Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, hangs in Chapel Hall. At present the college possesses besides this, busts of Garfield, Abbe De'Epee, Abbe Sicard, Rev. Henry Winter St. John, and the late President McKinley, and oil portraits of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and Amos Kendall, also a fine crayon portrait of the late Professor Samuel Porter.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 10th—TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AT 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

Gallaudet (temporary) Home in Poughkeepsie—9 A.M. Holy Communion in the Church of the Holy Comforter; 3 P.M. service in the Home.

GUILD ROOM

OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, EIGHT P.M.

Nov. 12th—Meeting of the Parishioners.

Nov. 19th—Lecture by Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq, on Art.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D. D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Rev. Mr. C. Orvis Dantzer's Appointments.

Hereafter services for the deaf in Buffalo, N. Y., will be held in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street, as follows:

SERVICES.

First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Second Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Holy Communion.
Third Sunday of each month, 7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday of each month, 11:00 A.M., Morning Prayer.

Found Rhyme For Roosevelt.

A Philadelphia poet, irritated by somebody's declaration that President Roosevelt was unusually fortunate in that no rhyme for his name could be found, has proudly accepted the implied challenge and, after earnest effort, has produced the following ode:

Down the White House steps he came,
Nor could he speak the "blues" he felt.
The place he sought he did not get;
"Turned down" by Teddy Roosevelt.

Of his the Philadelphia bard exultantly says that it proves "the poets are not to be put out of business even by our strenuous Teddy."

Every time J. Pierpont Morgan goes abroad he makes it a point to acquire a number of valuable souvenirs of the trip. Recently, besides a number of rare paintings, he purchased for himself a Persian rug, probably the rarest of its kind in existence. The rug measures 10 feet 6 inches by 19 feet, was made of Persian silk in Tabriz, Persia, and was woven by Mohammedan friars 150 years ago for a shah. It took sixteen years to weave the rug.

Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, contributes an interesting paper to the November Cosmopolitan on "The Overcrowding of Great Cities and Remedies for it." Apropos of the discussion of the invasion of England by Americans, Edmund Gosse furnishes in the same number an essay scoring Englishmen for their narrowness of intellect. Incidentally he has a bit at American intellectual life in the twentieth century.

As the yellow gold is tried by fire, so the faith of true friendship can only be known in the season of adversity.

Cleaning Day in Holland.

In some reminiscent notes of "A Summer in Sabots," in the May number of Scribner's Magazine, May A. Peixotto tells of the weekly cleaning day in the wonderfully neat little kingdom of Holland.

It was generally understood, she says, that our models would not pose on Saturday, that day being exclusively devoted to house-cleaning within and without. Early in the morning every stick of furniture is carefully rubbed and wiped and taken out of the house. Then the women, with their skirts tucked up, entirely flood the rooms with bucket after bucket of water, brought up from the canal by means of the shoulder-yoke. With broom brush, they scour and scrub the red tiled floor, and finally pull up a plug in one corner to let the water flow out—let us hope into the canal.

While the floor is drying, a great polishing goes on in the street. Old brass lamps and candlesticks, tobacco-boxes and ash-trays, huge milkcans—all are burnished until, like golden mirrors, they reflect the red-cheeked, white-capped faces bent over them.

The lacquer man is busy on Saturday. He goes from house to house painting the bread-trays and honeycake boxes with designs of gaudy birds and wondrous leaves and flowers.

The street is in a turmoil until noon, when order is partially restored and the scanty midday meal partaken of. In the afternoon, washing is resumed. The exteriors of the cottages are scrubbed from roof to pavement and every trace of mould removed, for in this low, wet air, the green moss gathers quickly. Then the brick pavements are drenched and carefully dried, and I have even seen the women slip off their sabots and tiptoe to their doorways in their woolen chaussons, so as not to soil the immaculate sidewalk.

Lastly, toward evening, the entire village goes to the canal, and all the sabots are washed and whitened with pumice-stone, spotless for the morrow. On Saturday evening, all the pickets of the low black fences are decorated with rows of dripping foot gear, carefully graduated in size from the big wooden shoes of the father down to the tiny sabots of the youngest born.

Execution of President McKinley's Assassin.

A new group has been placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee which is startlingly realistic as well as historical. It stands in the chamber of Horrors and occupies two large rooms. The interiors of the death chamber and dynamo-room at Auburn Prison have been reproduced in detail. The electrical chair, dynamo, and switch-board, are exact duplicates. In the electrical chair sits Czolgosz, the murderer of President McKinley. The guards have just fastened him in the chair and stepped away. Around are the witnesses who were present at the execution. The warden who stands near the chair has just dropped the handkerchief as the signal. In the other room Electrician Davis has turned the switch and the current is flashing through the assassin's body. All the witnesses are straining every nerve to watch the effect of the current. The body of the doomed man has stiffened in the chair and you can almost hear the straps creak. Altogether it is one of the most realistic wax groups ever made and visitors stand before it in awe and silence. Many other will be placed on exhibition in a few days. New series of moving pictures are shown hourly and a change of subjects is made each hour. Visitors can therefore see as many pictures as they desire. Included among these pictures are historical, comic and mysterious Majilton and his assistants give a clever exhibition entitled Folly Fantastics, each afternoon and evening. In addition there are afternoon and evening concerts of a high order with programmes that include both vocal and instrumental selections.

To Keep Cut Flowers.

A Japanese plan by which cut flowers may be made to last an abnormally long time is to burn the ends of the stems with a piece of wood, not with a match, be it observed, for the sulphur would be injurious to the flowers.

The Japanese, who are great flower lovers say that the charring process enables the water to penetrate the stem and thus sustain the flower. Whatever be the reason, one is glad to know of any plan which will prolong the life of flowers, especially at any time of the year when they are both scarce and expensive.

If you put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

If some men's bodies were no straighter than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

John W. Holding, the lanky book-keeper of the Malone Institution, has resigned to accept a similar place with A. G. Crooks & Co., of this village. He will be remembered by pupils of a few years ago as the tall, thin, military young man. At present it is not known who his successor at the Institution is to be, although rumor says that a young woman will have the place.

Miss Hannah Edwards, of Whitehall, a former pupil, has been appointed a waitress in the teachers' dining room of the Northern New York Institution. Miss Edwards was a pupil of the school for a number of years. She can hear and speak quite well, and is an excellent piano player. She has a brother who is deaf and dumb. He is a printer sometimes; at other times he works in the mills up this way, but for the greater part of the time he does nothing. Hannah's mother was a pupil of the New York Institution. Her present name is Mrs. Madore Jolivet. She lives at Chasm Falls, about twelve miles from Malone.

Mrs. Helen A. Rider is no more. She was matron of the Malone School for thirteen years, when she resigned and was succeeded by her daughter-in-law, the present matron. She was a good woman and an excellent mother.

For various reasons Superintendent Edward C. Rider was unable to attend the Teachers' Convention at Buffalo, last summer, his health not being of the best, but it is now on the mend. He is a member of the Malone Club, and likes nothing better than a fast horse. As a superintendent Mr. Rider is excellent, and as a teacher, there are few better in the profession. Although a good sign maker, Mr. Rider favors the oral method of teaching the deaf, and the Malone School is conducted without the use of signs. Perhaps that is the reason why the Malone School sends none of its bright pupils to the Washington College.

Ex-Professor Alphonso Johnson is conducting a flourishing painting and paper hanging business in a small city in the central part of the State. Mr. Johnson was for thirty years and more a teacher at three institutions in the State. He was noted for his excellent sermons and lectures, and as a teacher of the deaf has few equals. Some years ago he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the silent press, and as a writer he was in the first class.

Former Superintendent of the Northern New York Institution, Henry C. Rider, has returned to Syracuse after an absence of several months. For most of the time, he says he was at his cottage at Indian Lake, in the Adirondacks, about a dozen miles from Malone. He will probably live in Syracuse with his eldest son, Louis, who has returned from Elizabethtown, where he resided for quite a while. Louis was once for several years a teacher at the Malone Institution, and said he declined a similar place at the Colorado Institution, the salary being too small.

Miss Knowles of the Institution, in this beautiful town, recently visited her parents in Plattsburg for a few days.

Miss Kate Butler is well remembered up this way. She was a pupil of the Malone School a few years ago. She is of a jolly disposition, and while at school she was a great favorite. Upon leaving school Katie went to Rhode Island to live. She now lives at Pawtucket, in that State. She has made many new friends among the deaf of New England. Last Saturday evening she was tendered a party at the home of her sister, and received a number of nice presents. Katie's many friends up here are delighted to know that she is happy, and is well situated among pleasant surroundings. They hope to see her sometime in the near future.

The New England Gallaudet Association's Convention will be held next Summer, and according to correspondents in both the JOURNAL and Register, the city of Rutland, Vt., is the proper place. Rutland is well situated, and is easily reached from most parts of New England.

If the convention is held there, it would doubtless attract a large gathering of the deaf of the Eastern States, and also many from New York. If the managers of the N. E. G. A., are wise and up to date, they will give Rutland serious consideration as a place for their next convention before making a selection elsewhere.

NOW AND THEN.

After an illness of nine months with dropsy, Michael Widman, passed away at his residence in Greensburg, on Thursday, October 24th. He was in the 81st year of his age, and is survived by his wife, three sons and one daughter. Mr. Widman passed peacefully into the great beyond as though he had fallen asleep. It is hardly necessary to state that he bore his afflictions with Christian fortitude and patience. Interment was made in the new St. Clair Cemetery, a mile southwest of Greensburg, on October 26th. Decided always took an interest in deaf-mute education, and could use the manual alphabet quite well. He was for ten years a school teacher, and was also a successful merchant of Irwin.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lortie, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on November 1st, 1901.

Allentown, Pa.

Mr. Michael Gormley, of Pittsburgh, has secured a job as wood carver in Yeager's furniture factory. He is a first class one, and is very well liked at his place.

Mr. George Andreas, of Bath, spent a few days in Allentown as the guest of the Fernekees.

Miss Capitola Biery, as usual, came to take in the service which was held last Sunday a week, by Rev. F. B. Smielau. She spent a few days with relatives, and also called upon Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Krause.

Two weeks ago Mr. William Arnold, of this place, with his sister, Mrs. Joel Neff, of Slarington, were in Monroe County, their birthplace, and called upon their many relatives and friends there. They spent one week there, and enjoyed their stay very much.

The Allentown Deaf-Mute Guild was reorganized this fall, and the following officers elected: Mr. John Van Kirk, Chairman; Oliver Krause, Secretary, and Chas. T. Bradbury, Treasurer.

Mr. Chas. T. Bradbury is quite an expert electrician. He has put up all the lights at the factory where he works recently, besides he is a cabinet maker by trade. He has several orders to fix or put in electric batteries in several houses, which he does during evening hours.

A marriage license was granted to Mr. George W. Dix, of East Branch, N. Y., and Miss Lizzie Evans, of Catsanqua, a few days ago. No invitations have been sent out yet, and we think it will be a private one. They may be man and wife before this item reaches the JOURNAL readers. They both graduated from the Mt. Airy Institution. Congratulations.

Harry Fernekees is confined to the house on account of a lame back since last Wednesday, and at this writing we have not heard any news of his condition. Hope he has improved.

Mr. Stephen Esser, the well known bachelor of Kutztown, has been in Allentown for several days at the city hotel, the proprietor, Mr. Smoyer, being an old friend of his, who recently moved here from Kutztown. Mr. Smoyer wants Mr. Esser to stay with him, as he is a first class cook.

Messrs. Charles T. Bradbury, of Allentown, and William Davis, of Easton, are making arrangements for a grand banquet, which is to be held at the Kutztown Hotel, Kutztown, Pa., on November 27th.

O. K.

NOTICE.

A lecture on "Art," by Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq, will be given in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's, on Tuesday evening, November 19th. He will use illustrations to make the discourse interesting and instructive to all who attend.

AMUSEMENT WORLD.

FOR WEEK OF NOV. 11-16.

Two of Manager Proctor's theatres present strong vaudeville bills, with "Mme. Butterfly" as the dramatic feature and "Phunphorall," a pantomime top-liner. The Fifth Avenue has a second week of "Blue Jeans" and the Fifty-eight Street presents a revival of "Nancy & Co." "Mme. Butterfly" plays a return engagement at the Twenty-third Street and the Hanlon's, in "Phunphorall," are leaders in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street's bill. Vaudeville numbers are interspersed between the acts of the dramas and the performances at the Fifth Avenue and the Twenty-third Street are continuous.

An ounce of reality is worth a pound of romance.

Fallstaff's soldiers were afraid of nothing but danger.

Amusement is to the mind what sunlight is to the flowers.

A little force will break that which has been cracked before.

If the world is round, now on earth can it come to an end?

A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.

A man devoid of religion, is like a horse without a bridle.

A helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship.

The tongue and pen are the battering rams of good and evil.

Fortune when it caresses a man too much makes him a fool.

No beneficial results can be expected where the base is unsolid.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.

Gold can not heal the wound which misery has left in a heart.

A fit of anger is as dangerous to dignity as a dose of arsenic is to life.

His explosions were deadly at the breech and harmless at the muzzle.

It is useless to attempt to cleanse a stream while the fountain is impure.

NEW YORK.

A Memorable Wheeling Trip.

FOOT AND BASKET BALL

News Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Two or three weeks ago a scheme to visit the home of Henry Schuermann, of Closter, N. J., was projected, planned and perpetrated, by a quartet of wheelmen who answer the roll call as follows:—R. E. Maynard, Albert Hochstuhel, I. N. Soper, E. A. Hodgson. At the outset it was plain that evil fate was pursuing the last mentioned, for just at the trolley terminal at 129th street a car shot out from behind two others on a side track, and struck the handle bar of his wheel, spinning it around and sending him to the cobbles, but otherwise doing no damage. In the language of the day, it was a "narrow squeak." Across the Hudson and by the zig-zag trolley line to the top of the Palisades, and down the declivity to Leonia, was a most beautiful and enjoyable ride. Wheels were mounted at Leonia, and the trip to Englewood was made in fast time, with the excitement of dodging several automobiles. Here Mr. Schuermann was met, and he piloted us to Tenafly where a light lunch was enjoyed. Then on to Closter was the cry, and over the smooth road way the quintet sped, until Mr. Hodgson got his front tire in a sand hummock, and was brought into violent contact with the autumn leaves that lined the roadside. A little further on the chain of his wheel broke, and the sudden stop caused him to be pitched clear over the handle bars, but he struck on his feet, without injury save to his affronted dignity. Two miles to Closter! Maynard's subtle brain evolved a plan that would render walking unnecessary. Himself on one side and Hochstuhel on the other, with Hodgson astride his chainless wheel in the middle, it was pushed along till Closter was reached, when a combination of horse and carriage in the path, a steep hill at one side and a sodded embankment on the other, made rapid thought and immediate execution imperative. Mr. Hodgson's human motors ceased working and let him go, and he chose a soft spot to climb up and fall on—the aforesaid embankment. A half block was trundled and all were in the Schuermann domicile, enjoying unstinted cheer and hospitality. A snapshot was made, and after a short time spent socially, Maynard, Soper and Hochstuhel started a wheel for Englewood, where Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Schuermann joined them, having come by train. The trolley was again patronized till Fort Lee Ferry was reached, from which all was plain sailing, except a walk from the river to an Eighth Avenue repair shop. Taken all together, it was a trip greatly enjoyed and long to be remembered.

It would have made Samuel Gaston Davidson sad, had he been with Messrs. Fox and Hodgson, seated a few yards from the goal posts at the game between the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia foot-ball teams at the Polo Grounds last Saturday. The New York boys skirted the ends, bucked the center, and makes holes in the line big enough to drive an ice wagon through. Two touchdowns for Columbia and a goose egg for the Quakers tells the tale. The Pennsylvania boys made a great and almost successful effort in the second half—but that was all.

As he said the Quaker Captain, "It is a shame to be in a losing position. We must push the pigskin forward. This time, or the game is lost. Then he spoke to the wily quarter, "Who cried 'nine-eight-seventeen!' "Woe, woe to the lungs of the half back plunge.

For they doctored him on the green.

William Scott Abrams was around inspecting the seating arrangements on the grand stand and the "bleachers," as also the police precautions on the field, and we were relieved to note by his countenance that everything had his unqualified approval—including the final score.

On Wednesday last, October 30th, the "Silent Five" met the 23d Street Young Men's Christian Association Basketball team, at the Cosmopolitan Casino, and were defeated by a score of 37 to 24. The Y. M. C. A. team won the championship of the National League last season, and the "Silent Five" although defeated put up a splendid game, this too with the absence of one of their best players, Robert H. McVea, who wrenched his ankle in a game a week previous. The "Silent Five" have

OHIO.

The Independents' Fifth Consecutive Victory.

THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS

A Noted Ohio Deaf-Mute Ball Player on the Pacific Slope—Other Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 928 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

It's the same old story, we have to report of "another victory for the Independents." This time it was the Mt. Vernon High School team, as it purported to be, but later on it was discovered that some of its best players were imports from Delaware, Ohio. However the trick made no difference to the Independents, as they walloped the team all the same, and did it well, too. The score: Independents, 12; Mt. Vernon, 0. Messrs. Zorn and Beckert were along to look after the boys. The team had a good rooster in the person of "Prof." Hurley, who met the boys at the depot as they stepped off the train, and put some ginger in them by his witty jokes and sayings. And during the game he was the whole thing for the Independents and took care that every good play of theirs received its just yells. The team to-day goes over the same road only a little farther north, and will play with the Kenyon Military Academy at Gambier. May it be able to add its sixth consecutive victory!

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Zorbaugh visited the Institution Monday and Tuesday. Both are graduates of the Institution, and for thirty-seven years Mr. Zorbaugh has been a valued and honored teacher in the Iowa School. He resigned last June. They will make their home in Council Bluffs, at least for a while yet. They have been visiting friends and relatives in the State for some time. They were very much pleased in the way this school is managed, and were greatly interested in inspecting the various departments and observing results. Mr. and Mrs. Zorbaugh left for Cleveland Friday noon, where for a time they will be with their son, Rev. Charles Zorbaugh, who holds a charge in that city. During their stay in this city, they were entertained at tea at the homes of Messrs. Patterson, Atwood and Greener.

There is one less deaf-mute bachelor in Ohio now, and his exit from that State occurred on the 23d ult., the place, the home of the bride, near Kenton, and the fair one into whose net he fell was Miss Flora Charlton. We refer to Mr. W. D. Ellis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Webster, and was done by means of pad and pencil. Hearty congratulations, Dill and Flora, and may your union be as happy and as shining as the smiles which be-deck your countenances. Mr. Ellis is a type, and a good one at that, and has for a long time held a case in the Republican office of Bellefontaine, in which city they will make their future home.

Mrs. Banks Dakin, nee Emma Robinson, has been visiting her brother in Bridgeport, Ohio, and on last Saturday evening, November 2d, 1901, a party was given in her honor. The invited guests were from Wheeling, Bellaire and Bridgeport, and included the following deaf: Mr. and Mrs. Corbett and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frazier, Miss Lucy McAdams, Miss Cottrell, and Messrs. Bremer and Seamon. Every one did full justice to the fine spread, and after it had been disposed of, a very pleasant conversational time was indulged in.

Mrs. B. P. Pier, after the reunion went down into Jackson County to visit a sister. She returned to Columbus last Saturday, and after visiting some of her friends here returned to her home Wednesday.

Mr. Herman Stoehr, of Wheeling, not satisfied with one visit to the Buffalo Exposition, made a second one, and reports the latter more enjoyable than his first.

Mr. James A. Boyd, who works in Bellaire, has been enjoying a visit from his sister of Barnesville. He still has work, and plenty of it, in the Bellaire glass factory.

We are indebted to Mrs. J. W. Park, of Santa Barbara, Cal., for a recent copy of the Los Angeles Herald, which contained a cut of G. P. Kihm, Ohio's second noted baseball player. It says:

"George P. Kihm, Manager Morley's find to cover the initial sack for the Redlegs, likes Los Angeles, likes California, likes the players with whom he is associated, and if his wishes and inclinations have anything to do with the matter, the 1902 baseball season will see the stalwart mute in a Los Angeles uniform. And this despite the fact that any number of eastern clubs are fairly falling over themselves

in the effort to tie up his services with a contract for the coming year.

"Few of Jim Morley's 'finds' have jumped into such instant and apparently lasting popularity with the fans of the Angel City as has Kihm. A six-footer, and built in splendid physical proportion, he has shown that he can play baseball of a class not excelled in the entire California league. Active as a cat on his feet, he covers a marvelous amount of territory around first base and simply 'eats up' everything that comes his way. And to this good, hard, consistent work with the ash, excellent judgment in base running, coupled with speed that many a sprinter might envy, it is little wonder 'Dummy' Kihm has won his place—and a high one—in the estimation of local baseball devotees.

"In conversation with a Herald reporter yesterday Kihm was asked regarding his plans for the coming season, and incidental reference was made to the rumor that he was under promise to an eastern club. This was emphatically denied.

"I want to play with the Los Angeles team next season," said Kihm. "I like Los Angeles and the coast country, and my relations with all the members of the Los Angeles team have been very pleasant. I mean to try to stay here. As for my being under contract, or even any obligation to any eastern team, there is nothing in the report. There is absolutely no reason why I should not remain in the California league, if they want me.

"Yes, I have had a number of offers from clubs on eastern circuits among them Toronto, Can., Troy, Syracuse and Binghamton, N. Y., the Utica club and several others, but have so far made no promise to any, and shall make none."

"The conversation drifted around to Kihm's lack of hearing, and it will probably be news to the 'faithful contingent' on the bleachers and grand stand, who have accustomed themselves to give feet, hands and voices a rest when Kihm goes to bat, under the impression that, as he cannot hear, rooting would be 'love's labor lost,' to learn that they are all wrong.

"Just how he becomes aware of the vocal encouragement being hurled at the batter in large chunks at any critical stage of the game, Kihm failed to explain, but he did say that he knew when he was being given a 'hand,' as in yesterday's game.

"Nor does his lack of hearing prevent his receiving assistance from the coaching lines, as some might suppose. In his case, of course, eyes count for a great deal more than in the case of other players, and that, perhaps, is no disadvantage, as it enforces closer watching of the opposing players. That Kihm takes advantage of every opening to advance a base will not be denied by any one."

Misses Edith Biggam, Nora Patterson, Annie Rodman, Nettie Jones and Mrs. B. Miller, started Saturday noon last for Buffalo to visit the exposition. The three latter returned Thursday evening, and report having greatly enjoyed the trip as well as the show. Miss Biggam will go from Buffalo to her home near Minerva, Stark County, to spend a few weeks with her mother, while Miss Patterson will prolong her vacation with friends in Cleveland.

Miss Bell McRedmond returned Sunday from a week's stay among the deaf of Dayton, Ohio, and reports a fine time. The deaf down there were all well and doing well.

The upper classes of the Institution were given a masquerade party Thursday evening, and revelled in queer costumes and characters to their hearts' content for a couple of hours. All because it was Halloween. During the same evening in the boys' recreation hall, the deaf employees of the Institution and a number of former pupils gave a like party and had fun galore.

Mr. Albert Ohlenmeyer, instructor of gymnastics, arrived Monday, and the next day began operations preparing his classes for the year's work, which will begin Monday.

Mr. Samuel McClannahan, of Findlay, has been in town during the week, visiting his daughter, who is a pupil in the Institution, and attending to some business. He had come here from Hallsville Ross County, where he had been attending the funeral of his father, who died on the 11th ult., aged 74 years.

Eleven of the teachers last Saturday, with Mr. Odlebrecht as driver, took a ride out into the country to Harrisburg to enjoy the country air, and incidentally to gather a supply of nuts. The others of the party were: Misses Edgar, Grimes, Greener, Hisey, Lyons, Berry, Bruning, Belle, Young and Hunter. Whether the nuts refused to come down or they had all been previously grabbed up by some one else, we were not informed, anyhow the party came home empty handed. Nevertheless the trip was greatly enjoyed, not only by the party, but by the natives along the route, who were regaled with song and laughter by the merry crowd as they passed.

Nov. 2, '01. A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

The Proteans Have Fun on Hallow Eve.

GAMES FOR PRIZES.

Happenings of the Week at Fanwood.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The PROTEAN SOCIETY got up a plan some time ago to have a Halloween Party. It was kept a secret, and a Committee of Arrangements, consisting of William Renner, Chairman, Alfred Stern and Henry Powell, silently set to work and made the preparations. Invitations were sent to the pupils of the higher classes and a number of the teachers. Pretty light green programmes were printed and attached to tassels of the same color.

At eight o'clock, Thursday evening, October 31st, the invited ones assembled in the girls' sitting-room. Each boy had been given a number beforehand, and they sought out the girl with the same number, who became their partner for the evening. The following programme was gone through.

1. Grand March.
2. Lancers.
3. Ducking for Apples.
4. Apple Race.
5. Coin in Electrified Water.
6. Waltz.
7. Fishing for prizes.
8. Apple Eating Contest.
9. Apple Suspended on String.
10. Three-legged Race.
11. Distribution of Prizes.
12. Virginia Reel.

Ducking for apples was quite amusing, as the tubs were so large that they had to duck deep for the apples.

The apple race was exciting and a hot one. It was won by Miss Winnie Clark, who got a box of confectionery as a prize.

Another game was fishing for prizes. Small blocks with numbers on their bottoms were put in water and were fished out with a rod and hook. Those whose numbers corresponded with that on a package were given it. Later on, when the prizes were given out, it was found that L. Turner's luck was a bottle of perfume. A comb came to May Hoffman and Harry Holmes. Misses Kipp, Moore and Bohart each got a perfume bottle filled with water. One cent each was the prize for Misses Bredemeyer, Bucher, Wolfenstein, and Messrs. Powell and King. Georgina Dosssee and Erich Berg fished out a postal card each. Winnie Clark and Adolph Buhl received a package of alphabet cards, and their names were put on the next day. Annie Bonoff and Edward Elsworth were consoled with a stamp. A box of candy made happy Mary Tanzas, Fred Berger and Samuel Eriedman. The best prize, a beautiful china set, found its owner to be Lillian Bullis. An orange went to Miss Townsend, Mary Brewer, James Seelig and Mr. Jones, while Israel Solomon got two apples. Mr. Fox and Miss Buckingham were each presented with a box of linen collars. A bouquet of flowers gave joy to the hearts of Misses Burchard and Berry. Miss Hall's prize was a nail file with a sterling handle. Messrs Birek and Zwofke came in possession of a pin representing the great colleges, Princeton and Yale. An inkstand will find its place on the desk of Eunice Brewer, while two pencils will be used by Jennie Schachter and Adolph Berg. Michael Elliott will have plenty of letters to write, as he got a box of writing paper and envelopes.

The prizes, no matter how large or small, were put in shoe boxes and wrapped in paper, so there were many surprises when they were opened. Fortunes were also put in the boxes.

The next exciting thing on the program was the apple-eating contest. Half an apple was deemed enough, and the contestants formed in two lines. Erich Berg was the winner and was awarded a box of confectionery. It was expected that several would suffer from indigestion, but nothing so unfavorable happened.

The three-legged race was very exciting and funny. Falls were frequent among the contestants. The race for girls was won by Misses Bucher and Bohart. Two pretty vases were the prizes. Captains Stern and Renner won the race for boys, and each received a beautiful gilt frame and picture.

The party was concluded by Virginia Reel in which all participated. The party was a success in every way, and was also a surprise to those who did not know or expect it. Everybody reported a very enjoyable time, and the committee has reason to feel proud of its work.

Saturday afternoon, the first and second teams of the Collegiate High School, at 71st Street and West End Avenue came over to the Institution to play basketball. They found our teams too strong for them, although they were about the same weight. The games were

very clean throughout. The Regulars won by the score of 46 to 16, according to the new rules. The Second team of the Collegiates were met by a picked team of the boys who remained at the Institution. They beat their hearing opponents by 21 to 11 points.

Mr. William G. Jones gave a lecture before the Fanwood Literary Association, last Saturday evening. His subject was "Life and Public Service of William McKinley." He gave a sketch of the life of our late President even tracing his ancestors. His lecture was very interesting and lasted till nine o'clock. A vote of thanks was tendered him at the conclusion of his lecture.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Hodgson occupied seats at the Polo Grounds last Saturday, and witnessed the football game between Columbia and U. of P.

Alex White, formerly of New Jersey, but now of this city, was a visitor here on Wednesday afternoon. He first attended school at Fanwood, and when the New Jersey school was established he continued his education there.

The sewer on Fort Washington Avenue, in front of the Institution, is rapidly nearing completion. The laborers are now filling in the excavations. We are glad of this, as it is the only eyesore spot on the school grounds.

The clipping below was taken from the Newburgh Daily Journal. Eli Ellis and Fred Bachman were former pupils at Fanwood:—

The second of the series of five games of football between the Walden Knute Works and the New York Knute Works was played Saturday afternoon on the Walden grounds below the lower shop. About 300 men and women saw the game, which was interesting from start to finish. The New York team won, the score being 24 to nothing. Four touchdowns and goals were kicked. Eli Ellis of the New York team made a beautiful play, it being a touchdown after a 95 yard run. Harry Lidster made two touchdowns and Fred Bachman one touchdown. Bachman, the full back of the New York team, kicked four goals. Ellis and Lidster as runners, and Bachman as a kicker, are considered the best players in several of the counties.

Tuesday was Election Day and a half holiday was observed at Fanwood. It was spent in the gymnasium playing basketball between the recently formed League. There are four teams, named after the colleges, Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Harvard. The games were very close and pretty rough. Yale beat Cornell, while Princeton won with a score of 12 to 6. A number of the girls also went to the gymnasium and enjoyed seeing the games. In the evening, election returns were given on a slate in the boys' study room.

Miss Harriett Taber, President of the Ladies Committee, visited the Institution officially on Tuesday. Principal Currier conducted her through the different departments.

Principal Currier this week received a Rambler Tandem from Mr. William Wade, to be used by Katie McGirr, the deaf and blind pupil. The Physical Director will teach her to ride.

Prof. T. F. Fox addressed a political meeting of the deaf last Friday evening at the Deaf-Mutes Union League rooms.

Tuesday, November 5th, Edward Elsworth and Adolph Buhl, both pupils of this school, cast their first votes. They voted for the Fusion candidate, Seth Low.

Our steward, Mr. Wilcox, has improved so far that he is now able to be out of bed. He will resume his customary duties in a few days.

Several football enthusiasts of this school went over to Dead Head Hill last Saturday, and got a glimpse of the game between Columbia and University of Pennsylvania.

In a domino tournament among the kids, held last week, Robert Eldridge won the most and is therefore champion.

Mr. Thomas Beatty, our baker, who has been sick a long time, returned to work this week.

Miss Grace Burdette, a former pupil, was a visitor Saturday.

W. R.

Unique Egyptian Relic.

The face-simile of a curved bar of gold found by Professor Petrie at the royal tombs of Abydos, inscribed with the name of Aha, identified as another name for Mena, the first dynastic king of Egypt, has been received by the Rev. Dr. William Copley Winslow of Boston, chief official of the Egyptian exploration fund for the United States, and placed by him for the society in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where it is mounted upon black marble, through the director, General Loring. It is unique, and the purpose of it is entirely unguessed as yet. Near the top is a hole (was the bar an ornament?), at the lower end is a close cross hatching, and the same is on the under side near the upper end. The hieroglyphic work of about 4750 B.C. is quite clear to the naked eye. The weight of the bar is 216 grains, and it is about five inches long.

CHICAGO.

The Club Now has Eighty Members

PLANNING FOR DEC. 10.

The News in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Pas-a-Pas Club held its regular monthly business meeting at its rooms, No. 40 Dearborn Street, on the 2d of this month. During the absence of Mr. J. J. Kleinhans, recording secretary, who was on his hunting trip in Michigan, Mr. Henry Rutherford was appointed secretary pro tem. We are pleased to note the increased attendance and to welcome a number of new members. The following applicants for admission are, Messrs. Frank Spear, William Maher, Arthur Hollis, Fred J. Bourcier, David Anderson, James Sansom, Charles Stewart, John Heinlein, Adolph Jacoby, and Booker Washington Craighead. The club is fast increasing in membership. The active membership at present is 80. The club is in need of larger rooms, and a committee has been appointed to make arrangements towards getting an additional room adjoining the club rooms, and thus the boys will have more room for card playing, amusements, entertainments, billiard playing, etc. Two prominent members have made a proposition to the club to buy a billiard table out of their own pockets, if the club allows it. The proposition will be considered at the next meeting. On motion, two dozen folding chairs were ordered to be bought at once. The limiting of the membership to 100 will be discussed at the next meeting. Rev. Mr. Hasenstab has been attending the business meetings regularly, and always enjoys the diplomacy, and the boys are very fond of him.

The club is planning an elaborate anniversary revival of Thomas H. Gallaudet on December 10th. It is in the hands of Mr. Codman, president of the Literary Circle.

The eleventh annual ball of the Pas-a-Pas Club will be given at Baird's Hall, corner of Sixty-third Street and Evans Avenue, in Englewood, on Saturday evening, December 14th—Admission, 25 cents a person. Five hundred dancers are wanted. Apply at the above address. Mr. Charles Kessler is chairman of the committee. A good time is promised.

An event of the present month will be the appearance of Mr. John Wayman, a brother to the president, our William, who will give a lecture for the Literary Circle on the 30th of November. John is a young lawyer. Ex-Superintendent Walker will interpret. After this, Messrs. Ritchie and Gibson will give a Mark Twain interview in dialogue. Mrs. Sonneborn will close the meeting by reciting the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

"The election of officers of the Pas-a-Pas Club for 1902 will be held at the December meeting. Every member is requested to be present."

A Press club, consisting of Chicago correspondents of newspapers for the deaf, was organized Saturday last. The officers are: C. C. Colby, president, and Fred E. Ryan, secretary-treasurer. Its name has not been announced yet.

It is with much regret that we state that our genial friend, Mr. George T. Dougherty, met with a painful accident at his laboratory last Friday afternoon. A drop of sulphuric acid in some way jumped into his right eye and inflamed it severely. But he is still at work as usual, with a bandage over his eye, and is under the doctor's treatment yet.

Mr. Oscar H. Regensburg took his nephew, Mr. Alfred Hamburger, into partnership in his printing business on the 1st of November. Mr. Hamburger has purchased one-half interest, and the new firm will be known as Regensburg & Hamburger. Mr. Hamburger has been the manager of the Regensburg Printing Company for the past two years. May success smile upon the new firm.

Mrs. Ellie Perry has returned home from a short visit to her friends in Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Norman Leap, who had been visiting in Grand Crossing here last Spring, died on the 19th ult. in Waterford, Ind., her home. She was of the Dunkard faith.

A Halloween surprise on Mrs. Sonneborn was made by her friends at her home Thursday evening. A very enjoyable time was spent by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Codman, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Dougherty. Some other invited guests, including your scribe, had to be at home to keep the rooster from mischief.

Mrs. James E. Gallaher, the popular lady of West Side, had her finger accidentally pierced by a needle while sewing. It is feared that she is threatened with blood poisoning.

At last the prodigal son has been forgiven and taken back and settled down comfortably for his long (?) stay with the club. CHICAGO.

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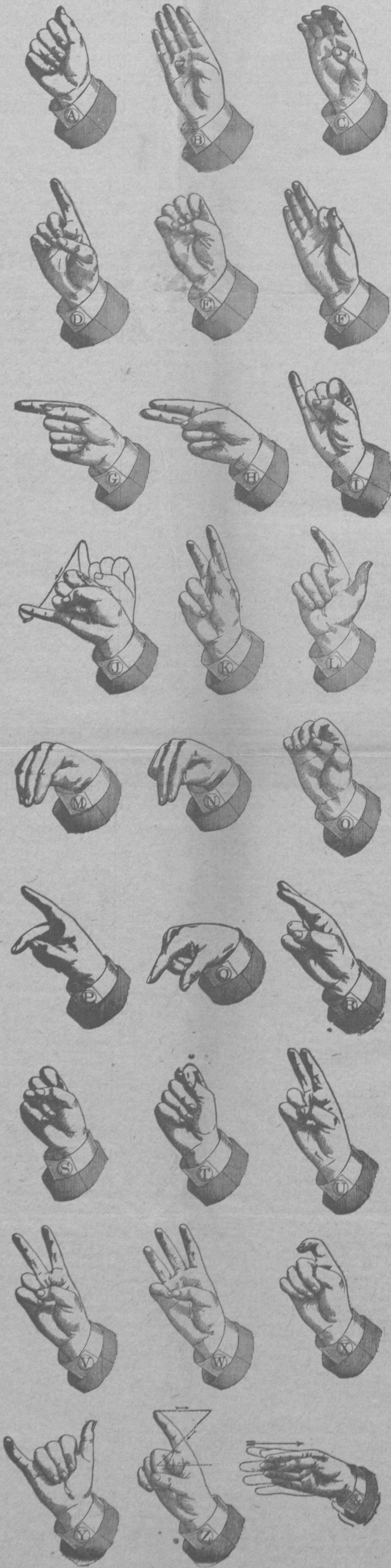
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January 4th, 1902.

American Manual Alphabet.



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Mr. F. L. Selney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.
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or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,
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